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A MANUAL
OF
PAROCHIAL PSALMODY.

OCT 20 1953



A
Manual
OF
PAROCHIAL PSALMODY:
CONTAINING
ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY TWO
Psalm and Hymn Tunes,
BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.
SUITED TO THE PRINCIPAL METRES IN
CONGREGATIONAL USE.

SELECTED, REVISED, AND HARMONISED
BY THE
REV. JOSEPH JOWETT, M. A.
RECTOR OF SILK WILLOUGHBY,
AND DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BARHAM.

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THAMES DITTON.

PREFACE.

So many collections of Psalmody have been already published, that the Compiler of the following Manual may seem to have undertaken a needless, if not an invidious task. In his opinion, however, no former publication of this kind fully meets the exigency, which he would supply. Some are defective, from the scantiness of their materials; while others labour under the opposite fault, of indiscriminate abundance. A work was still wanting, to which the inquirer after Parochial Psalmody might be directed, as combining a reasonably large variety with judicious selection; a work at once compendious in its form, choice in its materials, comprehensive in its extent, and--though last, not least--economical in its price. To supply this desideratum has been the object of the present compilation. It includes nearly all the ancient Psalm tunes, which have obtained a permanent celebrity in the Church. It contains likewise many of the more flowing melodies of the modern school. In the choice of these lay the Editor's principal difficulty. He had, however, one qualification for the task, which has not always fallen to the lot of his predecessors. He was free from local bias. His collection is made not for the use of some individual congregation, who *will* have the tunes, whatever their merit or demerit, to which they have been accustom'd. He was therefore at liberty to reject or admit, as his own judgment might dictate. He trusts that he has not made an indiscreet use of this liberty. A very few tunes will indeed be found in the following pages, whose chief title to the distinction is their almost universal popularity. But their claims were not admitted, till after close and deliberate consideration; while, on the other hand, not a single composition of long established excellence has been knowingly omitted.

The Editor hopes that he shall not be charged with egotism, for having inserted, in a work professedly select, a few tunes of his own. They are introduced, partly, as supplying melodies to certain peculiar measures, not otherwise satisfactorily provided for; but chiefly, in order to facilitate the alphabetical arrangement—which presented more difficulties, during the progress of the work, than he had anticipated. They are distinguished by his initials; and with one exception, have already appeared in the *Musæ Solitariæ*. In the nomenclature of Psalmody great confusion prevails, which the present Editor has not attempted to reduce into order. The original title, in numberless instances, must now be incapable of discovery; nor, in truth, is it worth the search. He has therefore generally contented himself with that name of a tune, with which, from whatever cause, he happened to be most familiar; even at the risk of occasionally assigning the wrong one. Meanwhile, that the possessor of this Collection may not, in consequence of this uncertainty, be ignorant what it contains, a table of Synonymes is prefixed. An Index of first lines is likewise given; for the use of those who more easily refer to a particular tune by the words adapted to it, than by its name.

The work is now humbly committed to the blessing of God; and to the kindness of Christian friends, by whom the Editor was encouraged to undertake it. May the hallowed use of these accustomed strains assist in preparing us to take our part in that NEW SONG, which the Church hopes ere long to raise—“unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.”

TABLE OF SYNONYMES.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Attercliffe | look for BARNESLEY |
| Bellefield | CONDESCENSION |
| Charmouth | MANCHESTER |
| Evening Hymn | MAGDALEN |
| Fairfax | WOBURN |
| Frankfort | WINCHESTER |
| * St. George's | BLOOMSBURY |
| Heighington | ABINGDON |
| Kent | DEVONSHIRE |
| Lavington | GALWAY |
| Lincoln | OXFORD |
| Lock | MARTIN |
| St. Michael's | ROCHESTER |
| Minories | ALCESTER |
| Montgomery | BLOOMSBURY |
| Munich | WINTER'S |
| Needwood Forest | BARNESLEY |
| New Court | NORWICH |
| New York | WHITTON |
| Old 50th | RIDLEY |
| Old 104th | HANOVER |
| Old 122nd | LEYDEN |
| St. Paul's | DEVONSHIRE |
| Salisbury | EASTER HYMN |
| Sheffield | WHITTON |
| Sheldon | WHITTON |
| Silver Street | FALCON STREET |
| Tantum Ergo | BENEDICTION |
| Wakefield | ABINGDON |
| Wirksworth | AYLESBURY |
| York | MILTON |

* A tune *with this name* may be found in the present Collection.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE PECULIAR METRES.

THOSE Metres which, in this work, have no distinguishing mark assigned to them, are commonly called Peculiar. They may be classed in the following manner—a single verse of a Hymn being annexed to each class, as descriptive of its appropriate measure.

I.—PENZANCE—SICILIAN MARINERS'— WHITCHURCH—WYMONDHAM.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

II.—BENEDICTION—HAYDN'S— NAUMANN.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

III.—CALVARY—HELMESLEY—PAINSWICK.

Hark ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
" It is finish'd ! "
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

IV.—DARWELL'S—PORTSMOUTH NEW— SHEPPERTON—SOVEREIGNTY— ST. SWITHIN'S.

Rejoice, the Lord is King !
Your God and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

V.—HANOVER—PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His excellent name.
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol :
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

VI.—CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Christians, awake ! salute the happy morn,
On which the Saviour of the world was born ;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and a Virgin's son.

VII.—SOWERBY.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide ;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend ;
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

VIII.—CANWICK.

Meet and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

IX.—CAREY'S.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

X.—FORDHAM.

O Jesu, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings
Convey'd by thy word.

XI.—HALIFAX CHAPEL.

Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry ;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner,—born to die.

XII.—INGLETON.

Ah, tell us no more,
The spirit and pow'r
Of Jesus's blood
Is not to be found in this life-giving food.

XIII.—KNAPTON'

All glory and praise
To the Ancient of days :
Who was born, and who died, to redeem a lost race

XIV.—LEONI'S.

The God of Abr'ham praise,
Who sits enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah! great I am t
By earth and heav'n confest;
I bow—and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

XV.—LEYDEN.

How pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

XVI.—LUTHER'S.

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

XVII.—MARTIN.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

XVIII.—MONMOUTH.

Thou'rt gone to the grave! but we will not deplore
thee,
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd thro' its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
gloom.

XIX.—NORWICH.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And harb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauties of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

XX.—RICHMOND.

Return, O God of hosts, return!
How long shall we thine absence mourn?
Return—and let thy wonted love
Our sins subdue, our griefs remove,
With speediest aid.

XXI.—RIDLEY.

The God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

XXII.—THANET.

Ere I sleep, for ev'ry favour,
This day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

ABINGDON.

C. M.

1

Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In
trouble and in joy, The prais-es of my
God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

Dr. Heighington.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

How did my heart re--joice to hear My
friends de - vot - ly say, In Zi - - on let us
all ap - - pear, And keep the so - lemn day.

I. Smith.

ALCESTER. Sevens.

Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye
 journey sweetly sing; Sing your Sa-viour's
 worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

ANGEL'S SONG. L.M.

O render thanks to God a - bove, The
 foun - tain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercy firm thro'
 a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for e - ver last.

S^t ANN'S. C.M.

3

Teach me the measure of my days, Thou

Maker of my frame: I would sur - vey life's

narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

Dr Croft.

S^t ASAPH'S. L.M.

The heav'n's de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord; In

ev - ry star thy wis - dom shines. But when our eyes be -

hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

J.J.

4 ASHLEY'S. C.M.

Salvation! O the joy-ful sound: What pleasure.

to our ears! A sov'reign balm for ev'-ry

Chorus

wound, A cor-dial for our fears. Glory, honoür,

praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for e-ver!

Je-sus Christ is our Re-deem-er. Halle - lu - jah.

halle - - lu-jah, Halle - lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord!

AYLESBURY. S.M.

5

When, over-whelm'd with grief, My heart with-

- in me dies; Help-less, and far from all re-

-lief, To heav'n I lift my eyes.

BARNESLEY. C.M.

My God, my portion, and my love, My

e- -ver- lasting All; I've none but thee in

heav'n a - - bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.

Mather

6 BATH. C. M.

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-

-liever's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and

drives a-way his fear. And drives a-way his fear.

BATH CHAPEL. C. M.

There is a house not made with hands, E-ternal, and on

high: And here my spi-rit wait-ing stands, And here my

spi-rit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

Milgrove.

O God of hosts, the migh-ty Lord,
 How love-ly is the place, Where thou enthron'd in
 glo-ry shew'st The brightness of thy face.

Wheall.

O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent, Its thank ful
 tri- bute to pre-sent; And with my heart my
 voice I'll raise To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

J. J.

8 BENEEDICTION.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the
Father's boundless love, With the Ho-ly
Spirit's favour, Rest up - on us from a - bove;
Thus may we a - bide in un-ion, With each
o - ther and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet com -
mu - nion, Joys which Earth can not af - ford.

BETHLEHEM. C.M.

9

My Shep-herd is the liv - - ing Lord, No -

- thing there - fore I need; In pastures fair, near

plea - sant streams, He set - teth me to feed.

Twining.

BEULAH. C.M.

Be - yond the glit - tring star - ry skies, Which

God's right hand sus - tains; There, in the bound - less

worlds of light, Our great Re - deem - er reigns.

Jackson.

Come, let us all u-nite to praise The
 Sa-viour of man-kind: Our thank-ful hearts, in
 so--lemn lays, Be with our voi-ces join'd.

BISHOPTHORPE. C.M.

O Sun of righteous-ness, a-rise, With
 heal-ing in thy wings; To my diseas'd and
 faint-ing soul Thy light sal--va--tion brings.

BLOOMSBURY. L. M.

11

Great God, whose u - ni-ver - sal sway The known and
 un - known worlds o - l - ^{fe}bey; Now give the king - doms
 to thy Son, Ex - tend his pow'r, ex - alt his throne.

Stanley.

BRAMCOATE. L. M.

Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thousand
 an - - gels fill'd the sky: Those heavenly Guards a -
 - round thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state,

12 ST. BRIDE'S. S. M.

God of our fa - thers, hear, Thou e- ver-
 -lasting Friend! While we, as on life's ut - most,
 verge. Our souls to thee com-mend.

Dr Howard.

BRODSWORTH. C. M.

By morning light I'll seek His face, At
 noon re - peat my cry; The night shall hear me.
 ask his grace, Nor will he long de - ny.

D. Arne.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Sa-viour

promised long: Let ev'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And

ev'-ry voice a song—And ev'-ry voice a song,

BURFORD. C. M.

In mer-cy, not in wrath, re-buke Thy

fee-ble worm, my God; My spi-rit dreads thine

an--gry look, And trem-bles at thy rod.

14 CALVARY.

Hark! the voice of love and mer- cy
 Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - - ry: See it
 rends the rocks a - - sun-der, Shakes the earth and
 veils the sky. "It is fi - nish'd! It is
 fi - nish'd!" Hear the dy - - ing Sa-viour cry.

CAMBERWELL. S. M.

My Ma - ker and my King, To thee my

all I owe: Thy sov'reign boun-ty is the
spring, From whence my comforts flow.

CAMBRIDGE NEW. C.M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul sur-veys; Transported with the
view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise
wonder, love, and praise, In wonder, love, and praise..

Dr Randall

Meet and right it is to sing, In
 ev'- ry time and place, Glo - ry to our
 heav'n-ly King, The God of truth and grace..
 Join we then with sweet ac - - cord, All in
 one thanksgiving join; Ho - ly, ho - ly,
 ho - ly Lord, E - - ter - nal praise be thine!

S. J.J.

The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-
pare And feed me with a Shep-herd's
care: His pre-sence shall my wants sup-
-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And
all my mid-night hours de-fend.

His mercy and his truth The righteous.

Lord dis - plays, In bring-ing wan--d'ring

sin-ners home, And teaching them his ways.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Christians a - wake! sa - lute the happy morn,

On which the Saviour of the world was born; Rise to a -

-dore the mystery of love, Which hosts of angels chanted

from a - - - bove; With them the joyful tidings first be -

-gin, Of God in - carnate, and a Virgin's Son.

Dr Wainwright.

CONDESCENSION. C.M.

Au - - - thor and Guar - dian of my

life! Sweet Source of life di-vine! And,

all har - moni - ous names in one, My

Saviour! My Sa - viour! thou art mine.

20 CREATION. L.M. double.

The spacious firma-ment on high, With all the
 blue e - the-rial sky, And spangledheav'nsa shining.
 train, Their great o - ri - gi - nal proclaim. Th'unwearied
 Sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre - a - tor's
 pow'r dis - play; And pu - blish - es to ev - - ry
 land The work of an al - migh - ty hand.

Dr Haydn.

CROWLE. C.M.

Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
 we de - serve it all; Nor let on us the
 dread - ful storm Of thy dis - - plea - sure fall.

Dr Green.

DARWELL'S.

Re-joice, the Lord is King! Your God and King a-dore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing, and triumph e-vermore. Lift
 up your heart lift up your voice, Rejoice again I say, Rejoice.

22 ST DAVID'S. C.M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My
 voice as - - cend - ing high; To thee will I di -
 rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

Ravenscroft.

DAWLISH. C.M.

My Sa-viour, my al - migh-ty Friend, When
 I be - gin thy praise, Where will the grow-ing
 num-bers end, The num - bers of thy grace?

Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, for thy
 flesh is meat in-deed; E-ver let our
 souls be fed, With this true and liv-ing Bread.
 Antes.

DERBY. L.M.

Awake my glory, harp and lute, No longer let your
 strings be mute: And I my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early Will with the early
 Will with the early dawn awake Will with the early dawn a-wake.
 dawn a--wake

24 DEVIZES. C. M.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God my
 heav'nly King; Let age to age thy righteous-ness... In
 sounds of glo-ry sing— In sounds of glo-ry sing.
 Tucker.

DEVONSHIRE. L.M.

How pleasant, how di-vinely fair, O Lord of
 hosts, thy dwellings are: With long de-sire my
 spi-rit faints, To meet th'as-sem-blyes of thy saints,

DURHAM. S.M.

25

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your
 joys be known; Join in a song with
 sweet accord, While ye sur-round the throne.

EAGLE STREET NEW. S.M.

To God the on-ly wise, Our Sa-viour
 and our King, Let all the saints be-
 low the skies Their hum-ble praises bring.

I Smith

Christ the Lord is ris'n to day, Hal - le -

- lu - - jah; Sons of men and angels say, Hal - - - le -

- lu - - - jah Raise your joys and triumphs high;

Hal - - - le - - lu - - jah; Sing, ye heav'ns, and

earth re - - - reply: Hal - - - - le - - lu - - - jah.

Dr Worgan.

EMANUEL. L.M.

O Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's guide, Our pray'r's to

thee vouchsafe to hear; Thou that dost on the

che-rubs ride, A-gain in solemn state ap-pear.

Emanuel Bach.

ESSEX. C.M.

In thee I put my sted-fast trust, De-

-fend me, Lord, from shame; In - cline thine.

ear, and save my soul, For righteous is thy.

name..... For right-eous is thy name.

Twining.

To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, in-

-cline; And cause the brightness of thy face On.

Chorus

all thy saints to shine. Praise ye the Lord

Hallelujah. Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah, hallelujah.

hallelujah, hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord!

FARNHAM. S.M.

Thy mer-cy and thy love, O Lord, re-

- call to mind; And graciously con-ti-nue
still, As thou wert e- - ver, kind.

F E R N S. C.M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, when heat - - - - ed in the chase;

So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-

freshing grace, and thy re - - freshing grace.

Lord Mornington.

Now be - gin the heavly theme, Sing a - loud in
 Je - su's name - sing a - loud in Je - su's name.
 Ye who Je - su's kindness prove, Triumph in re -
 deem - ing love - triumph in re - deem - ing love.

Dr Worgan.

FORDHAM.

O Je - su our Lord, Thy name be a - dored,
 For all the rich blessings con - vey'd by thy Word.

GAINSBOROUGH. C.M.

31

O for a thousand tongues to sing, Our
 great Re-deemers praise; The glo-ries of our
 God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

GALWAY. S.M.

In wake - ful hours of night,
 call my God to mind; I think how wise thy
 coun - sels are, And all thy deal - ings kind.

The Lord of glory is my Light, And my Salva-tion
 too; God is my Strength, nor will I fear What
 all my foes can do..... What all my foes can do.
 What all my foes can do, What

HALIFAX CHAPEL.

Thou God of glorious ma- - - ty, To
 thee, a - - gainst my - - self, to thee, A
 worm of earth I cry; A half a - wa-ken'd

child of man, An heir of end - - less.
bliss or pain, A sin - ner, born to die.

Dr Randall.

HANOVER.

Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish a - - broad His ex - cel - lent name;
The name all vic - to - rious Of Jesus ex - - tol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules o - ver all.

Handel

When I can read my ti - tle clear, To
 mansions in the skies; I bid fare - well to
 ev - ry fear, And dry my weep - ing eyes..

HARRINGTON. C.M.

My ne - ver ceas - ing songs shall shew The
 mer - cies of the Lord; And make suc - ceed - ing
 a - - ges know, How faith - ful is his word.

Dr Harrington.

HART'S. Sevens.

Brethren, let us join to bless Je-sus
 Christ, our Joy and Peace; Let our praise to
 him be giv'n, High at God's right hand in' heavn.
 Milgrove

HAWEIS? C.M.

O thou from whom all good-ness flows, I
 lift my heart to thee; In all my sor-rows,
 con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me!
 Milgrove

Light of those, whose dreary dwelling Borders
on the shades of death; Come! and thy bright beams re-
veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be--neath.

The new heavn's and earth's Cre-a-tor, In our
deep-est dark-ness rise; Scat-tring all the night of
na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes.

This image shows a musical score for a vocal piece, likely a setting of a hymn or a spiritual. The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first two staves containing the first two lines of the hymn, and the third and fourth staves containing the third and fourth lines. The vocal parts are supported by a harmonic bass line. The music is written in a clear, traditional style with standard note heads and rests.

HELM斯LEY.

Lo! He comes with clouds descend-ing,

Once for fa--vour'd sin-hers slain;

Thou-sand thou-sand saints at--tend-ing .

Swell the tri--umph of his train.

Hal--le--lu-jah hal--le--lu-jah hal--le--

lu--jah! Je--sus shall for e--ver reign.

Oliver.

Je-su, Lo-ver of my soul, Let me to thy
 bo-som fly, When the nearer waters roll,
 When the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my
 Sa-viour hide, 'Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe in to the ha-ven guide; O re-ceive
 O re-ceive, O re-ceive my soul at last.

My hid-ing place, my Re-fuge, Tow'r, And shield art

thou, O Lord; I firm-ly an-chor all my hopes, On

thine un-err-ing word, on thine un-err-ing word.

Madan.

How blest thy creature is, O God, When,

with a sin-gle eye, He views the lus-tre.

of thy word, The day spring from on high!.

Ah! tell us no more, The spirit and pow'r Of.
Jesus his blood Is not to be found in this lifegiving food.

IRISH. C. M.

O Lord, my best de - sire ful - fil, And.
help me to re - sign Life, health, and com - fort.
to thy will, And make thy plea - sue mine.

ISLINGTON. L.M.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let.

the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise; Let
 the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'-ry
 land, thro' ev'-ry land, by ev'-ry tongue..

ST. JAMES'S. C.M.

Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heav'nly Dove, With
 all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-dle a flame of
 sa-cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

Courtville.

What sinners value I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that

thou art mine. I shall be-hold thy blissful face,

And stand complete, and stand complete in righteousness.

KERRY. S. M.

My God, per-mit my tongue, This joy, to

call thee mine; And let my ear-ly

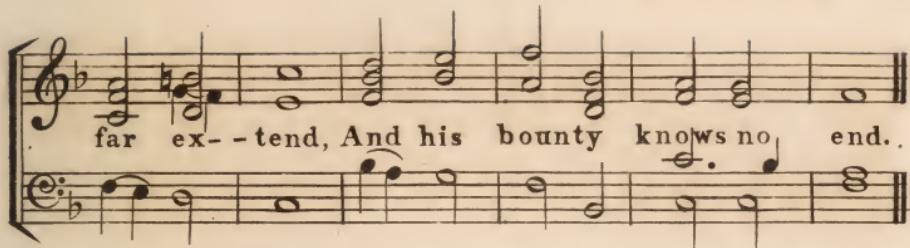
cries pre-vail To taste thy love di-vine.

Be - hold, the morn-ing Sun Be - - gins his
glo - ri - ous way; His beams thro' all the na - tions
run, And light and life con - - ve y. But where the
Gos - pel comes, It sheds di - - vin - er light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the
blind their sight And gives the blind their sight.

All glory and praise, To the Ancient of days, Who was born and who died to redeem a lost race Who was born and who died to redeem a lost race.

LEIPSIC. Sevens.

Lift your voice, and thankful sing Praises to our heav'nly King; For his mercies



LEONI'S.

The God of Abr'hampraise, Who sits enthron'd a-

- bove; An-cient of e- ver - last-ing days, And

God of love. JE-HOVAHgreat I AM, By

earth and heav'n con-fess'd; I bow and bless the

sacred Name, For e---ver bless'd.

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people
cry, Come let us seek our God to-day. Yes.
with a cheer-ful zeal, We haste to Zion's
hill, And there our vows and ho-nots pay.

LONDON NEW. C. M.

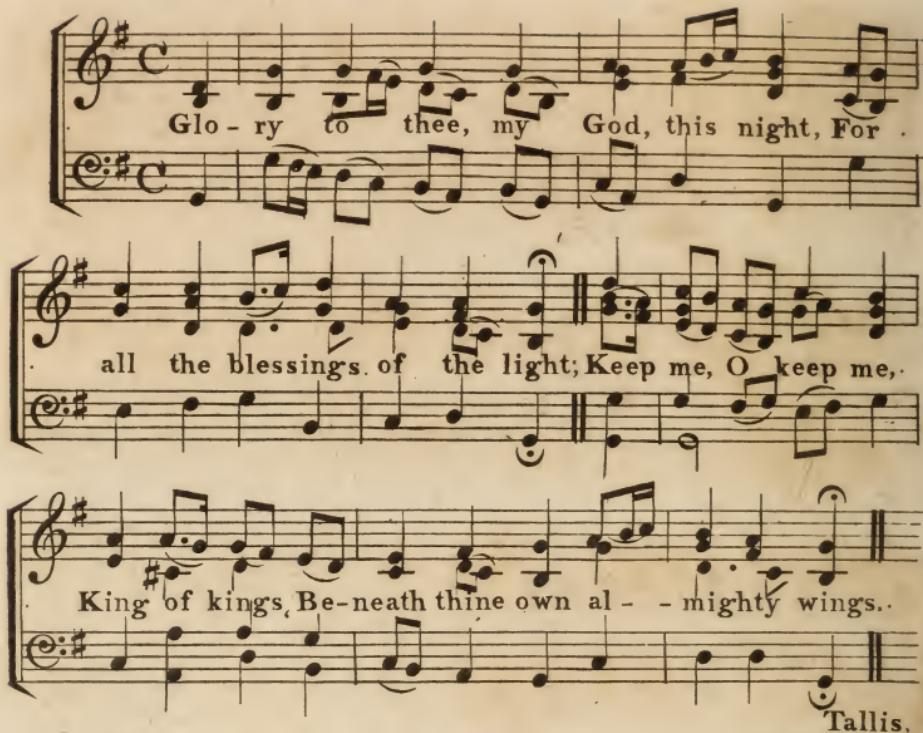
O for a closer walk with God, A
calm and heav'ly frame; A light to shine up-

on the road, That leads me to the Lamb!

Dr Croft.

LUTHER'S

Great God, what do I see and hear. The end of things cre-a-ted! The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of glory seat-ed! The trumpet sounds, the graves re-store The dead which they contain'd be-fore: Prepare, my soul, to meet him!



Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For
 all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
 King of kings, Be-neath thine own al-mighty wings..
 Tallis.

MANCHESTER. C M.



The Lord, our glo-ry and de-fence, Strength
 and sal-va-tion gives; Is-rael, thy King for
 e-ver reigns, Thy God for e-ver lives.
 Dr. Wainwright.

MARLOW. C. M. double.

8 what a hap - py thing it is, And joy - ful.

for to see; Brethren to - ge - ther fast to

hold The band of a - mi - ty! Tis like the

pre - cious ointment, that Was pour'd on

Aa - ron's head; Which from his beard down to the

skirts Of his rich garments spread.

Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy.
 day, in this thine house; Ac-cept, as grateful sa-cri-
 -fice, The songs which from the de-sert rise.

MARTIN.

This God is the God we a---dore, Our
 faithful un-changea-ble friend; Whose love is as
 great as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end.

Tis Jesus, the First and the Last, Whose Spirit shall
 guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is
 past, And trust him for all that's to come.

Madan

ST. MARY'S. C. M.

How long wilt thou for-get me, Lord? Must I for ever mourn? How long wilt thou withdraw from me? Oh, ne-ver to re-turn?

Dr Blow.

St MATTHEW'S. C.M. double.

My God, my e-ver--last--ing Hope, I
 live up--on thy truth; Thine hands have held my childhood
 up, And strengthen'd all my youth. Still has my life new
 won-ders seen, Re--peat ed ev'ry year; Behold! my
 days which yet re - main, I trust them to thy care.

Dr Croft.

MECKLENBURGH. L.M.

O Zion, when I think of thee, I

wish for pi-nions like a dove, I wish for pi-nions
like a dove; And mourn that I should e-ver be so
dis-tant from the land I love.

Emanuel Bach.

MILTON. C. M.

Let all the just to God with joy Their
cheer-ful voices raise; For well the righteous
it be--comes To sing glad songs of praise.

John Milton.

Thou'rt gone to the grave! but we will not de-
 -plore thee, Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb. Thy
 Saviour has pass'd thro' its por-tal be fore thee, And the
 lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

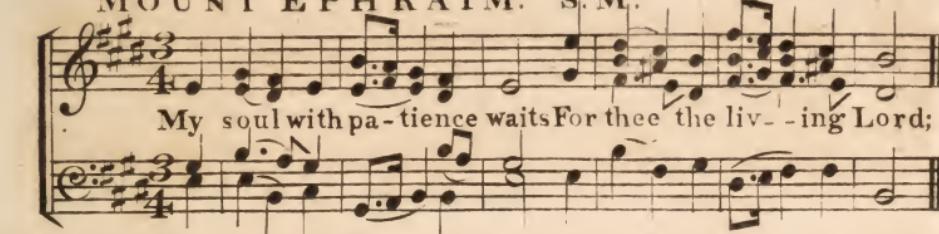
J.J.

MORNING HYMN. L.M.

A-- wake, my soul, and with the Sun Thy
 daily stage of du-ty run: Shake off dull sloth and

early rise, To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S.M.



My soul with pa-tience waits For thee the liv-ing Lord;

My hopes are on thy promise built, Thy ne-ver failing word.

Milgrove.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C.M.

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With an-gels

round the throne, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But

all their joys are one But all their joys are one.

In thy presence we ap - - pear; Lord, we love to
wor-ship here, When within the veil we meet Thee up-
on the mer-cy seat, Thee up - on the mer - cy seat.

NAUMANN.

Come thou long ex-pected Je-sus, Born to set thy
people free; From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us
find our rest in thee. Israel's Strength and Conso - lation .

Hope of all the earth thou art: Come, De-sire of
 ev'ry na-tion, Joy of ev'-ry faithful heart!

J.J.

NEWPORT. C. M.

Since I have placed my trust in
 God, A re-fuge al-ways nigh; Why should I..

like a tim'-rous bird, To dis-tant mountains.

fly, To dis-tant moun-tains fly?

NORWICH.

Come the great day, the glo-rious hour, When
 Earth shall feel his sav---ing pow'r, And barb'rous
 na-tions fear his name. Then shall the race of
 man con-fess The beauties of his ho--li--
 -ness, And in his courts his grace pro--claim.

NOTTINGHAM. C.M.

Come, let us join our souls to God, In

e-Ver - last-ing bands; And seize the blessings he be-
 -stows, With ea-ger hearts and hands.

Jer. Clark.

OLD 100th L. M.

All people that on earth do dwell Sing to the
 Lord with cheer-ful voice: Him serve with fear, his
 praise forth tell Come ye be-fore him and re - joice

or

Luther.

Come, Lord, and warm each lan--guid heart, In--

-spire each life--less tongue; And let the joys of.

heavn im--part Their in--fluence to our song.

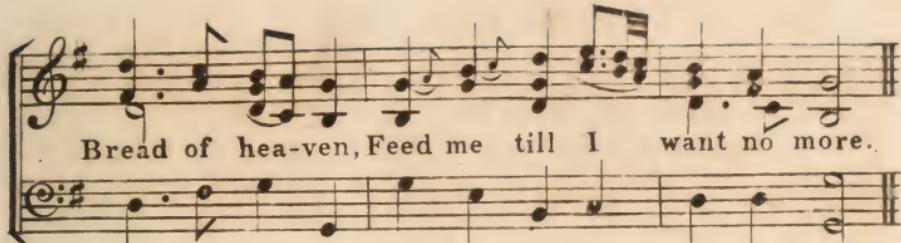
Coombs.

PAINSWICK.

Guide me, O thou great Je--ho-vah, Pilgrim in this.

bar-ren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty,

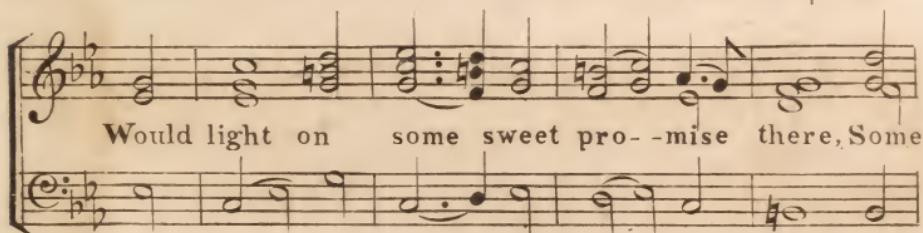
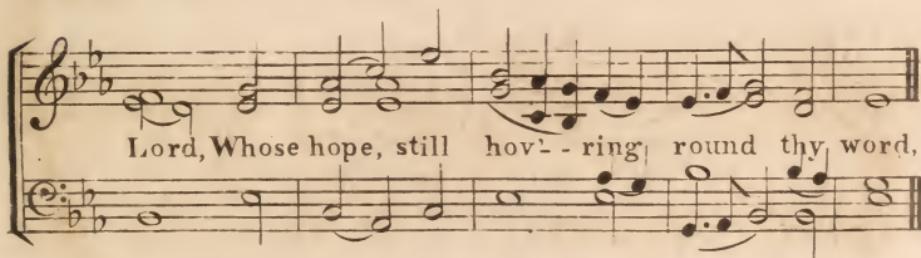
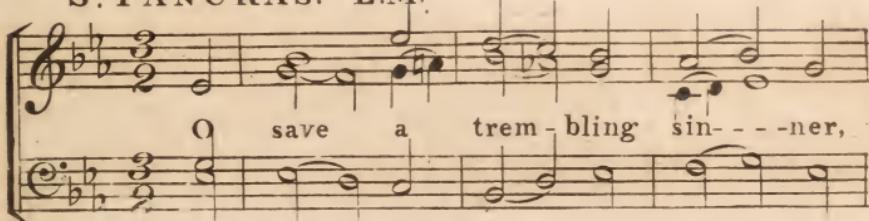
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand, Bread of hea-ven



PAINSWICK may also be sung to a measure containing 3 Couplets, similar to the first in the hymn here adapted to it.

Keene.

S^t PANCRAS. L.M.



Battishall.

Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call
 home thy thoughts that roam a broad; Let all the pow'rs with-
 in me join In work and worship so di-vine.

Dr Hey.

PECKHAM. S.M.

Be-hold the throne of grace! The pro--mise
 draws me near; There Je--sus shews a
 smil--ing face, And waits to an--swer prayer.

I Smith.

Jesus sought me, when a stran-ger, Wand'ring
 from the fold. of God; He, to res-cue me from
 dan---ger. In-ter---posed his pre- cious blood.

Dr Nares.

PLEYEL'S. Sevens.

Lord of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on
 earth, thy temples are! Here thy wait-ing
 servants see Much of heav'n and much of thee.

64 PORTSMOUTH NEW

Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The

glad-ly solemn sound; Let all the nations

know let all the nations know To

earth's remotest bound to earth's remo-test bound

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransom'd

sin-ners home The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-



PORTUGUESE HYMN.

O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare your glad voice His
 praise in the great as-sem-bly to sing: In

Christ the Re-deem-er let Is-rael re-joice, And
 children of Zi-on, and children of Zi-on, and
 children of Zi-on be glad in their King.

RICHMOND.

Return, O God... of hosts, re--turn! How
 long shall we thine ab--sence mourn? Re--
 turn, and let thy wont--ed love, Our sins sub--
 due, our griefs re--move, With spee--diest aid.
 Madan.

RIDLEY.

The God of glo--ry sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south na--tions and awakes the north;

From east to west the sovereign orders spread,

Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.

The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

I meekly waited for the Lord, He bow'd to hear my cry,

He saw me resting on his word, And brought salvation nigh

ROCHFORD. L.M.

My soul, in-spir'd with sa-cred love, God's hol-ly
 Name for e-ver bless: Of all his favours mind-ful
 prove, And still thy grate ful thanks ex-press.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

A bro-ken heart, O God my King, Is
 all the sa-cri-fice I bring: The God of love will
 not de-spise A bro-ken heart for sa-cri-fice.

To thy pastures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd lead thy

charge; And my couch with tend'rest care Mid the springing grass prepare

Dr Boyce.

SHEPPERTON.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex-

-alt your Ma-ker's fame, His praise your song em-

-ploy, A-bove the starry frame. Your voices raise, Ye

Che-ru-bim, And Se-ra---phim To sing his praise.

SHERWOOD. C.M.

I waited long and sought the Lord, And
 patient--ly did bear; At length to me he
 did ac--cord, My voice and cry to hear.

SHIRLAND. S.M.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill;
 Who bring sal - va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

SICILIAN MARINERS?

Love di - - vine, all love ex - - cell - ing, Joy of

heav'n, to earth come down; Fix in us thine.
hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Roman Catholic.

SILK WILLOUGHBY. C.M.

My God, my Fa-ther, blissful name! O
may I call thee mine May I, with
blest as--sur-ance, claim A por-tion so di-vine.
A por-tion so di-vine.

J.J.

Lord, do thou thy grace im-part: Poor in
spirit, meek in heart. Let me, as my Master,
be Root-ed in hu--mi--li--ty.

T. Rodgers.

SOVEREIGNTY.

The Lord Je---ho---vah reigns, His throne is
built on high; The gar--ments he as--sumes Are
light and ma---jes---ty His glories shine with

beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

Dr. Boyce.

S O W E R B Y.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes con-fide,

Whose pow'r de-fends us, and whose precepts guide,

In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend

Glo-ry su-preme be thine till time shall end

Glo-ry su-preme be thine till time shall end

St STEPHEN'S. C.M.

For e- ver blessed be the Lord, My
 Sa-viour and my Shield! He sends his Spi-rit
 with his word, To arm me for the field.
 Jones.

STOWELL. Sevens.

God of all re-deem-ing grace! By thy
 pard'ning love im---pell'd, Up to thee our
 souls we raise, Up to thee our bo-dies yield.
 Walker.

STRETTON'S. L.M.

75

Come, weary souls, with sin op-prest, Come
and ac-cept the pro-mised rest; The Sa-viour's gracious
call o--bey, And cast your gloomy fears a--way,

SUTTON. S.M.

My soul, re--peat His praise, Whose mer-cies
are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to
rise, So rea--dy to a--bate.

To thee our wants are known, From thee are
all our pow'rs; Accept what is thine own, And
par-don what is ours. Our praises, Lord, and
pray'r's receive, And to thy Word a blessing give..

Jesser.

THANET.

Ere I sleep, for ev'ry fa-vour This day shew'd
By my God, I will bless my Sa---viour.

J.J.

TRURO. L.M.

Loud let the tune-ful trum-pet sound, And
 spread the joy-ful tidings round; Let ev'ry soul with
 transport hear, And hail the Lord's ac-cepted year.

UFFINGHAM. L.M.

Lord, what is Man! ex- -tremes how wide .

In his mys-te-rious na-ture join; The flesh, to earth and
 worms al- -lied, The soul im-mor-tal and di- vine!

Jer. Clark.

For e- ver here my rest shall be, Close
 to thy bleed-ing side; This all my hope, and
 all my plea, "For me the Sa-viour died."

Dr Randall.

WAREHAM. L.M.

Je - sus shall reign wher - - e'er the Sun Doth
 his suc - cess - ive jour - nies run; His kingdom stretch from
 shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more

Knapp.

WARRINGTON. L.M.

79

Sinners. o---bey the Gos-pel word; Haste
 to the supper of the Lord: Be wise to know your
 gra-cious day; All things are rea-dy, come a---way!

WELLS. L.M.

O Thou that hear'st when sin-ners cry, Tho'
 all my crimes be-fore thee lie, Be - hold them not with
 an-gry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

WESTMINSTER NEW. C.M.

Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'-ning song, Like
 ho--ly in-cense rise As--sist the off--rings
 of my tongue To reach the lof--ty skies.

Dr Nares.

WHITCHURCH.

Happy soul, thy days are ended, All thy
 mourn-ing days be--low: Go by an - gel
 gards at-tended, To the sight of Je-sus go.

Stanley.

I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And
 pi-tied ev-ry groan: Long as I live, when
 trou-bles rise, Ill has-ten to his throne.

WINCHESTER. L.M.

My Help-er, God! I bless his name; The
 same his pow'r, his grace the same! The tokens of his
 friendly care O-pen and crown and close the year.

Thee we a--dore, E--ter-nal Name, And
 humbly own to thee, How fee-ble is our
 mor-tal frame, What dy-ing worms are we.

WINTER'S. Sevens.

Praise the Lord with hallow'd mirth, Ev--ry
 nation, tribe and tongue, Christians mi--li--tant on.

earth, Let your Saviour's praise be sung.

WO BURN. Sevens.

83

God, my Strength, to thee I pray; Turn not
 thou thy face a-way: Gracious to my
 vows at-tend, While the humble knee I bend.

WOOLLEY. C.M.

Thou art, O Lord, my sure de-fence, On
 thee my hopes re-ly; Thou art my Glo-ry,
 and shall yet Lift up my head on high.

WYMONDHAM.

Paschal Lamb, by God ap--point-ed, All our
 sins on thee were laid; By Al--mighty Love a--
 -nointed Thou hast full a - -tone-ment made.

Dr Boyce.

YARDLEY. L.M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And
 gird the Gospel armour on; March to the gates of
 endless joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
 Shield.

